

Title: Knight's Tale Vol I

Author: Jangiri

Once upon a time, a very long time ago in a place very near here a young boy was orphaned. The young boy grew up in the streets of Britain trying to make a living catching rabbits and

selling the skins to the local Tailor. Many months went by and the young boy grew into a young man. One day the Head Tailor offered the young man training. The days were long and the pay

was poor, but the young man grew and saved and learned his new skill with such vigor, that he was able to buy a small coastal home in Skara Brea. He sadly packed up his belonging, saddled his

horse, said goodbye to the Tailor and made his way to Skara Brea.

The air was crisp and the water was pure. He could look out his window and see the ocean. He longed for some

adventure, and adventure he got, because he had moved into the middle of a city of rogues and murderers. The challenge became each day not to get killed and having no skill in the art of swords

he found himself in an interesting position. He found himself scared and

running with his few treasures to the safety of his home. He met two more young men just like him just starting out

and he became close friends with them. One was a fisherman and had a boat. the other was skilled in the ways of the sword. He found himself making new friends and learning many new skills

that he soon forgot all about tailoring, but the new people he had met lived so far away that he had to move to their fort. The new people trained him to be a fierce warrior, and was

able to stand in the face of death and laugh. He became the new Sargent at arms and was in charge of training the new army they were building, many battles and many months went

by, many victories, he decided to travel home to see his home and his friends. A big party was in his honor in becoming a grand master of the sword. Sadly he got a message that the army

he had help create had been destroyed and he made the long trip north to discover any new information, all he found was a ruined house and the Clans Charter, sadly he turned and headed for

home.

He was grieving deep in his heart about his loss and being the sole survivor, sinking into a depression that made his anger turn to rage,

rage so great that he

was blind to the truths
and virtues he had been
taught. He wanted
revenge. He began to walk
the road in search of
trouble and trouble he
found. Day after day he
guarded the roads slaying

the highwaymen and
rouges. One day he saw a
young man traveling the
roads stealing from the
dead, and he stopped him,
this child could be his
own due to the same
features, same smile,

same birthmark and even
thier eyes were the same
color of hazel. after a
long questioning he found
out that the boy had
also been orphaned in the
city of britain. It twas a
miricle, he had a brother

and his name was Eric.

A new Guild was Formed
from the ash's of Clan
McCleod. The new group
of freinds decided what
they would do is, search
the roads for rouges and
claim bounty on criminals

by removing thier heads
and taking them to the
local guard shack and
recieve payment. The
group became infamous to
the the likes of evil
doers and the roads were
safer. The great amout a

wealth and personal
property acquired during
this time allowed him to
purchase fine weapons and
armor and even build a
bigger home.

It was a windy, cold day
in the late fall, he was

riding alone north towards
yew, he came across a

stockade on the road.
Thieves, bandits to many
for him, he battled the
rouges and to his
surprise a band of
horsemen came from the

trees and help him subdue
the rouges. Their name
was the Lia Faile Empire
and he was quickly invited
back to thier castle
nearby. They explained to
him that the city of Yew
and themselfs were under

constant attack from the
orc's and they could use
every able body to drive
the orc's back to the
mountains.

The great Orc wars
continued for two long
years, the once handsome

young man had turned
older, skin was weathered
and his hair war thinning
from age. He began to
look to the future,
pondering what the fates
mights have in store for
him. His vast rich's and

property just did not
satisfy the urge to
require more and more.

He left his friends
behind without so much a
word and began a solo
quest for all the wealth
he could desire, during

this time he was slaying
fantastic beasts and even
went to the edge of hell.

There was no risk to
much, no creature to
strong, and worst of all
there was no fear of
dying. One day he relised

he had left everyone and
everything behind and
discovered he had become
lonley and bitter and all
the rich's could not make
him feel better. He had

to look for his old
friends, alas they were

gone, some departed for
other lands, some just
simply did not exist.

A fierce depression set
in and he began to sell
his treasures waiting for
the end to come to him,
quickly he was hoping. He

starting thinking about a
new plan, grabbed three of
best his men and told
them "we are for hire"
and we shall destroy the
those who commit murder.
and thus the four
horsemen of Clan McCleod

was formed. The three
other horsemen were Eric
the Red, Scuzz, and
Raistilin Maghere and his
Wife Scribble who helped
them, after 2 long years
the ranks of the
murderers thinned and

they had totaled one
hundred sixty paid
assassinations, as the fame
grew, the popularity of
the group grew, they
grew apart and went
their separate ways
always staying in contact

but not ever together
again. Once again he was
alone, he often thought
about a lady as a friend
instead of a bar wench
for a night of which he
did neither, as few of
the single ladies could

have interest in such a
rough character, and the
other ladies ...um were
not ladies. One thing he
was sure about was that
one day he would meet
the right lady.

The days grew

longer, and the investments

paid off, the mining company he built was providing amazing profits and even more amazing weapons and armor, with a full staff of warroirs , wizards and craftsmen

almost anything was possible. He went to his good freind Lord Rasputin and asked him to take over the Clan for him as his heart was not in the daily events and the the Clan would suffer with an

active leader, Lord Rasputin said he would, but this was only untill the Clan selected a new leader.

one day as the sun was setting he got a message hand delivered from a

rider from the city of Yew, it said "sir are you available to battle a new attack by the orcs" signed by SunWolf. His eyes opened wide, a grim smile formed over his lips " perhaps this is a good

day to die", he saddled up his horse and made the long travel to Yew. The war was short and victories went to orcs, and lands were lost. The Yew council was in utter disarray and people were

fleeing from all the lands. He was about to leave and go home and The Lady Lilyth Noir and Duke Kotore invited him to a meeting about regaining the the glory of Yew and rebuilding the ruins, a

plan was formed and an army was built to defeat the orcs, and it was at one of the meetings he saw the Lady in Red and

at the wedding of Lilyth
and Duke Kotare he
declared that the Lady in

Red would be the only
one for him, and because
she didn't seem to notice
him, he knew this would
probably never happen and
many people agreed with
him, but he stayed firm
possibly only dreaming

about the impossible. He
saw her a few more
times, and even received
a token kiss and at
celebration of christmas.

The Orc battles
continued. ...was there
no hope for Lord Sid...